The New REPUBLIC

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Dr. Dernburg's Letter

"In Justice to-"

The Stout Lady Buys a Dancer

Heathenism

Scandal

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The New REPUBLIC

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TO seem to say less than might be said is a well-known trick sanctioned by books on rhetoric. Mr. Wilson used it with unusual skill in his reply to the Bernstorff memorandum. The result is a document which may be taken either as a serious argument or as deadly sarcasm. Its good manners are crushing. It assumes that we are all high-minded gentlemen who would not possibly ask for an unfair advantage or attempt to make trouble in a friendly country, and that von Bernstorff's supreme purpose in life is to help the United States maintain its neutrality. What its effect will be is somewhat difficult to predict. There will probably be no more official memoranda on the subject of the export of arms to the Allies. But the feeling of the German people will not be altered. They are in no mood to see a legal case, when they face the plain fact that American-made arms are killing their fellows. It would be inhuman to expect them to feel otherwise.

WHEN the President spoke of us the other day as a mediating nation, his meaning may perhaps be applied directly to the resentment felt by Germans against this country. It is in the power of the German-Americans to mediate between the two peoples, to explain the one to the other. The so-called hyphenated Americans could serve the world well just now if only they didn't insist upon being more jingo than the jingoes, more nationalistic than the nation from which they came. They should, following Kuno Francke, set at rest the idea that their allegiance is divided, and then use their double sympathy not to stir up trouble in both countries, but to allay friction and increase understanding. It may, for example, be too much to expect a German in Germany to see that an embargo upon arms would be treachery to the Allies, but it ought not to be difficult for those of German origin in this country. If only they would grasp the opportunity, they could make themselves unofficial mediators with their friends in Germany; they could, if they would, constitute themselves a link that binds instead of an irritation that divides.

THE Roosevelt-Barnes libel suit will probably turn on a definition of the word "corrupt." Mr. Barnes will fight for literal construction; he will endeavor to show that he has acted within the law. Colonel Roosevelt's line seems to be to show that the betrayal of the spirit of democracy is the real corruption at which he struck. Whether or not Mr. Barnes accepted bribes is of small interest compared to the question of whether the kind of politics he represents is a corruption of the nature of our government. If the suit can be fought on that level it will indeed be a celebrated case. It will help to define for us the kind of political activity which the American people can no longer tolerate. It will help us to realize that taking money is only a small sin compared with the obstruction, the manipulation, and the distortion of the purpose of government. If Colonel Roosevelt can show that Mr. Barnes has made government a bad servant of the people, he will have justified the use of the word corrupt as it is now used by democrats with imagination.

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THE last legal stage in the Frank case has been reached. The United States Supreme Court had before it not the guilt or innocence of Frank, but a question of even graver import—did the procedure in the Georgia Court constitute an orderly trial of a civilized community? The majority of the Court in effect felt themselves bound by the finding of the Georgia Supreme Court that there may have been "irregularities" in the trial of Frank, but no denial of due process. Not so Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Hughes. On the facts before them they found that Frank's trial presented a case where the processes of justice were actually subverted, that the trial took place "in the midst of a mob savagely and manifestly intent" on Frank's conviction. "We must look facts in the face. Any judge who has sat with juries knows that in spite of forms, they are extremely likely to be impregnated by the environing atmosphere. . . . we think the presumption overwhelming that the jury responded to the passions of the mob." This utterance Georgia cannot leave unheeded. It is the delivered opinion of the most distinguished intellectual and moral membership of the United States Supreme Court, the judgment of men least likely to be swerved by the interest of a particular case, and most zealous to maintain the authority of the separate states. There is now left to Georgia only the pardoning power to wipe away the stain of legalized lynch law which Justice Holmes and Justice Hughes were compelled to disclose. That power must be exercised for Georgia's sake, as well as Frank's.

ON the merits of the Riggs bank case the public can at present afford to be as neutral as the husband whose wife was attacked by a bear and who displayed his impartiality, it is said, by shouting alternately: "Go it, bear!" "Go it, wife!" So long as the whole business is brought to light the public cannot help profiting by it. It is by means of feuds like this one between the Treasury Department and the Riggs bank that the reader of newspapers secures his best understanding of the forces which move beneath the surface of politics and financial affairs. It is a very costly method of political education, but usually it is worth the cost. The Ballinger case made conservation a national issue. The Riggs case, if it is pressed home, should teach us a lot about the relation of the government to banks, of financial groups to one another. A controversy like this breaks down those reservations which hide the realities of public affairs from the ordinary outsider, and destroys that mask which events wear to the uninitiated. It makes prominent men reckless and indiscreet—vices that are often helpful to the lay public. When prominent men fall out, the average citizen learns things.

IN the modern world the old saying might be revised to read—I care not who makes the laws of a country provided I can control the news. The power which has passed into the hands of the great press associations is a power like none the world has ever known. "The food of opinion," as President Wilson said on Tuesday at the Associated Press luncheon, "is the news of the world." If you can control the news, you control the premises of thought and the evidence for judgment. European governments have testified to this by the close association between the Foreign Office, the censorship, and the press. By that control, more than by any other power, they have secured the national solidarity which is so touching to naïve observers. If a governing class can decide what the people shall know, it does not have to worry much about what they will think or how they will act. If, for example, the news agencies from Japan are in the hands of believers in ultimate destinies and inevitable conflicts, we shall, even with the best intentions on their part, learn facts which support that view of affairs; if the news agencies fell into the hands of pacifists the whole complexion of facts would be different. Most of us to-day see through other men's eyes and hear through other men's ears. In a sense more drastic than we realize we are not the masters of our own opinions, and cannot think for ourselves. If ever, then, there was a profession which called for high devotion and careful training it is the profession of reporting. Leave it to dishonest, careless, sensational, scaremongering ignoramuses, and the most sacred power in a democracy is threatened. It is a real advance that journalism should have become a specifically trained profession, for in schools of journalism there is an opportunity to train that sense of reality and perspective which great reporting requires. There is an opportunity to create a morale as disinterested and as interesting as that of the scientists who are the reporters of natural phenomena. News-gathering cannot perhaps be as accurate as chemical research, but it can be undertaken in the same spirit.

AS a bargain in dry goods there is nothing like a five-dollar raincoat—until it gets wet. Billy Sunday has the same characteristic. So long as the sun shone upon him he made cut-rate salvation seem the triumph of the age, but that special brand of Christian endeavor has taken on a different look since he entered into the cold wet zone of New York. When John Alexander Dowie went into that same zone he was, if we remember

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correctly, accompanied by Gladstone, his unkissed son, and the one fact that stood out for New York on that apostolic visit was this remarkable, this egregious, condition of Gladstone. A fate somewhat similar to the Dowies' seems about to be visited on Billy Sunday and the lady he insists on calling "Ma." They have inspired the New York newspapers, undoubtedly the truly critical newspapers in the country, with a sense that, whatever real importance these missionaries may have, most of their importance is factitious. For such a corrective few will be ungrateful. If the newspapers gave, the newspapers have taken away. Blessed, in this instance, be the name of the newspapers.

THE two young Italians who planned to dynamite St. Patrick's Cathedral are to go to Sing Sing for six years apiece. In spite of the detective's collusion in their plot the verdict is hardly surprising, but it is utterly regrettable that it was accompanied by a silly homily from the bench. It is hard to think of anything that could be said with grace or profit in passing this sentence. One of the youths was congenitally defective, and both of them were "half-baked"—criminally, if you like, but at any rate tragically. But what had Judge Nott to say? As an answer to half-baked anarchism he trotted out the kind of platitude that is really a negation of thought. "This country," he told the court room, "offers a fair chance to every man, and there is no room for those who insist upon advancing such a cause as these defendants represented." That there is no room for dynamiting may be asserted; but to put it on such grounds is like asking us to asphyxiate intelligence.

DURING the censorship agitation in England, Bernard Shaw made at least one extremely pertinent epigram: "The Achilles heel of the censorship is not the fine plays it has suppressed, but the abominable plays it has licensed." Our national board for censuring motion pictures does not license. It merely "passes." But it is fair to say that its Achilles heel is also the abominable plays it lets go by. It grows plainer with every week that the wisdom of the board was with the minority who voted to censor the negrophobe part of "The Birth of a Nation." The painful obtuseness of the majority is being emphasized every day from all over the country, especially from Boston and Chicago. The majority will probably resent such criticism. They will fall back on their "policy" and their "standards." But the fact remains that while they are rightly active in suppressing films which are likely to arouse race prejudice as a reflex of the European war, they were dull and delinquent in regard to race prejudice at home. Did it occur to them, we wonder, to seek any negro's opinion on this film? They call themselves "coöperative." To have elicited the negro view in time would have been to put a wise construction on their boast.

ADMIRAL Peary: "We cannot stand still. A hundred years hence we shall either be obliterated as a nation or we shall occupy the entire North American world segment." And at the end of a hundred years, when we shall have escaped obliteration by occupying the rest of this world segment, there will rise up another admiral, also a famous man, who will bid us choose, before 2115, between occupying part of the Eastern hemisphere and obliteration. And over in Europe at the same time some Swiss admiral will be telling his countrymen that Switzerland must not, merely because she has annexed Asia and Africa and non-Swiss Europe, be content to stand still, but must make her choice between obliteration and geographical growth. With only one planet to occupy, and with nothing to do after you have occupied it except to stand still and wait for obliteration, the game of expansion seems hardly worth the candle.

PER acre of General Huerta's interviews, the yield is poor. But here and there, where the soil chances to be richer, things grow. Some of these are things worth knowing. "Mr. Madero, while being conducted to the penitentiary, died an unnatural death." This ought to blight the rumor that the cause of death was typhoid. In what General Huerta says about strong government there is something to please every taste. One recipe for a strong government is to have the government "emanate from the people." Another recipe is to have it "controlled by a strong personality." The only obscure passage in the interviews is this: "Ever since I was a little child I have known only two things—right and wrong." Is this to be taken as meaning that right is as easily distinguished from wrong as a mastiff from a minister of the gospel? Or as meaning that right and wrong are like twins—you know them well enough though you can't always tell them apart?

WHY is the death rate among negroes, in Northern cities and Southern cities alike, almost twice as great as among whites? At the last census the average death rate in the 57 registration cities was 15.9 per thousand among whites, while among negroes it was 27.8. In the North the ratio was roughly 15 to 25, in the South 16 to 29. Taking those degeneracies that have a nerv-

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ous origin or that come from high living, the ratio among whites was greater, but in tuberculosis and pneumonia, the plague of both races, the havoc among negroes preponderates enormously. What are the reasons for this hideous disparity? The reason, as everyone may guess, is the poverty of the negro. The death rate stands in almost fixed relation to housing conditions, and it is clearly proved that as home ownership increases, the death rate diminishes. In the degree that negroes remain economically inferior, their portion will not merely be social hardship but a vastly greater share of physical suffering and mortal disease. It is these hard facts that make race prejudice so base. The only prejudice that figures like these should induce is prejudice against a poverty which is literally more pestilential than war.

McCLURE'S for May has a story called "The Conquest of America." It describes what may happen when Germany invades the United States. Scores of such stories will soon be published. Not all of them will be as flat and feeble as this. Some of them will be exciting to the imagination. The most successful will produce in their readers a panicky feeling, which may communicate itself to Congress, may cause an increase in naval and military appropriations, may be responsible for an addition to our army and for a few more submarines. These stories, we admit it, may thus do something to make the United States a little less unprepared for war. But they cannot do this much until they have familiarized thousands upon thousands of readers with concrete pictures of German and Japanese invasions, until they have spread fear and suspicion and dislike of these two countries, until they have helped to create that international ill-will without which there would never be war.

IN London they have been raising relief funds by auctioning blank canvasses, which several painters will fill up later with drawings of the winners. When the painter is the staple Royal Academician this game is safe enough. The winner knows in advance the sort of thing he will get. But one of the philanthropic painters is Mr. John Singer Sargent, who is as likely as not to make his sitters feel, when they look upon the finished work, that they might as well have rolled about Trafalgar Square without clothes. What sitter can be sure that the sight of him won't stir in Mr. Sargent the soul-unveiling impulse? No man invites the public to treat his life as an open book until he has made sure that certain pages have been pasted together. Mr. Sargent is no respecter of paste, and his hand is strong.

Dr. Dernburg's Letter

THE most thrilling news in the world to-day is news of peace. Even the smallest intimation that the war may end is more exciting than the biggest battle. We have had our fill of military romance, of national boasting, proud assertion, and a general strutting across the face of the globe. And when we think of the slaughter that lies ahead, the sheer murderousness of what is called so nonchalantly an advance by either side, the madness of it recurs to us and we ask ourselves: is it conceivable that human reason shouldn't find a way out?

Viewed this way, Dr. Dernburg's letter and all that it implies may turn out to be the most important news since the battle of the Marne. The tone of the German music has changed; it is the first statement of any official importance which seems to recognize that the future of the world must rest upon an adjustment and not upon a struggle of empires; it is the first clear word we have had from Germany that she is ready to live in the family of nations. This fact outweighs all that can be said against the specific proposals of the Dernburg letter: there has been a change of mood.

The letter is no doubt a "feeler," it is thrown out experimentally in order to test the reactions of world opinion. No doubt it is cleverly devised to win sympathy for the German cause, to make Germany appear as the advocate of peace. Its statements about sea power are calculated to emphasize the differences between the United States and England. The plea for freedom of the seas is the historic American position against England; the references to the folly of conquest may represent German official conviction, but they certainly represent at the same time concession to neutral opinion. It is possible, of course, to laugh the whole thing out of court with the remark that Germany's record of respect for neutrality hardly entitles her to advocate the neutrality of all the high and narrow seas. It is possible to point out that the proposal to reduce sea power is not accompanied by any proposal to reduce land power. It is possible to say that the Dernburg letter represents the aspirations of a nation beaten by sea power, a kind of national dream which attempts to achieve by a scrap of paper what von Tirpitz cannot achieve by his dreadnoughts.

Sneers are cheap and easy, and now of all times they need not be indulged. After all, whatever his intentions and his calculations, Dr. Dernburg has raised for discussion one of the greatest questions of international politics. The future of sea power is perhaps the central problem of foreign relations. With the increase of world trade and the shortening of human communications, the sea

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has become the element by which the world will either be knit together or sprung apart.

Our own isolation, our relations in the Pacific, in the Caribbean and the southern seas, have been founded upon British sea power and the balance of forces in Europe. Those conditions are changing, as Mr. Roland G. Usher has so ably pointed out, and our isolation has become a geographical illusion. If things change radically in Europe, it means a change in our whole history, and the destruction of British sea power would be one of the great crises for America.

That power will probably survive this war, but its end is in sight. The future development of the submarine will probably make command of the sea an impossibility. The world will then face this question: For a hundred years one nation has controlled the seas, and on the whole has used that control in the interests of freedom. It has been a dictatorship, but a fairly wise one. If it falls what will take its place? Shall we have, instead of one supreme power, five or six competing powers? If we have that, we shall have substituted anarchy for autocracy, and the race for armaments may be expected to grow more severe. The worst prospect we can conceive is a world in which a number of nations had an equal chance to dispute the command of the sea. That command must either remain with a wise free-trade empire, or it must pass to a world organization. When the Diaz of the seas abdicates, we do not want Villas, Zapatas, Obregons, and Carranzas to fight for his scepter. We have to choose between internationalizing the sea and the maintenance of British supremacy upon it.

The Germans, speaking through Dr. Dernburg, dispute British sea power, and they have at least had the wisdom to recognize that the world is not ready to accept German sea power as a substitute. Their proposal to neutralize the oceans and the straits is the germ of the only idea which can save the world from the competitive anarchy arising from the dissolution of England's supremacy.

It is a proposal that England and the United States are bound to consider with the utmost seriousness. They are forced to look ahead and ask themselves whether British sea power can be maintained, whether the cost of maintaining it would not outweigh any benefit from it, and what is to be substituted for supremacy if it is to be relinquished. It is our problem as well as Great Britain's, for there can be no question that the hopes and interests of both countries lie together. It may well be that we can save the world endless pain if we face the problem together, and try to anticipate it. The command of the seas will pass as a result of technical inventions. It can pass as a matter of deliberate will guided by reason, or it can pass with a terrible crash in a world dissolution. Far-seeing Englishmen realize how narrowly they have probably escaped a terrible fall. If there is any foresight in statecraft it will prepare now for the greater crisis which will allow for the passing of sea power.

The end of this war will be the opportunity to begin dealing with what is more important than all the crooked national boundaries of Europe. We shall all need Germany's aid and advice and good will in this supreme world problem. That is why the luxury of revenge cannot be indulged in. Germany may have done all the wrong conceivable, but the nations have still to live with her and to reckon with her. They cannot for their own safety leave in the heart of Europe a festering sore. Magnanimity has become an absolute practical necessity. For the issues which the war has revealed but which it will not settle require all the available good sense of the world for their solution.

Our Balance of Trade

THIS country has at last a balance of trade such as should gladden the hearts of those who believe that we ought to sell everything to foreigners and buy nothing from them. In the last four months our excess of exports has been more than $550,000,000, and there is no present sign of a change in the tide. A year of such operations and our foreign trade will show a balance of a billion and a half on the "right side" of the ledger. From 1901 to 1914 the average annual excess of exports was less than half a billion; and in those years we had to remit sums variously estimated at one hundred and fifty to two hundred millions, to cover the expenses of Americans traveling abroad. Americans are now staying at home; hence the major part of our export excess must represent the repayment of our foreign debts or the creation of offsetting credits abroad. In fact, we know that both processes are taking place. American securities are returning in a volume progressively increasing. It has been estimated that a billion dollars in value have thus come back to us in the last twelve months. And foreign issues are being floated in our money markets—for France, for Switzerland, and, so it is rumored, for England.

Despite all this evidence of our progress toward a strong position in international finance, our domestic economic situation remains unsatisfactory. Practically all the indicia of prosperity give unfavorable readings. Business failures are more numerous than a year ago, bank clearings are less, the freight movement on our railroads is at a low

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ebb, in the country as a whole building is stagnant, and railway and other forms of developmental construction are practically at a standstill. Is it mere coincidence that domestic depression attends our advance toward the position of creditor nation, or is the relation one of cause and effect? If the latter is the case, perhaps we are paying dear for the satisfaction of seeing our railway and industrial shares in American hands.

There is nothing in finance more solidly established than the principle that the free investment fund at any given time is definitely limited, and that the volume of new development in any country is narrowly dependent on what is done with this fund. Further, the investment fund can be made to flow from one country to another, through financial manipulation, private or public. What was the service performed by the late J. Pierpont Morgan for which there were heaped upon him greater rewards and greater honor than we ever bestowed upon any other private financier? Primarily the extension abroad of the market for American railway securities which made it possible for us to tap the international investment fund, and therewith to equip ourselves for great productive enterprises. The tables have now been turned. The financial statesmen of England and France need the international investment fund for military use, and are siphoning out such parts of it as we control. And this is the essential meaning of our favorable balance of trade.

The private investor has his choice between placing his funds at the disposition of domestic production, through purchase of shares in new American enterprises, and of placing them at the disposition of foreign states, through buying back American securities held abroad or taking shares in foreign loans. The American enterprises offer no better security or greater chances of profit than before; American securities from abroad and shares in foreign loans are to be had at exceptionally favorable terms, in view of the low prices at which they are offered and the premium on American exchange. From the national point of view the situation is nevertheless unfortunate. We are still in the stage of economic expansion, and our prosperity is based on the premise of a certain amount of new development work each year. If such work fail to appear, we have widespread unemployment. We are not yet ready to assume the rôle of a creditor nation, and to have such a rôle forced upon us by external circumstances is nothing on which to congratulate ourselves.

In normal times it is probably wise to permit investment to take its course under the guidance of the motive of profit. If domestic enterprises do not pay so well as foreign, it is no doubt futile to try to keep funds at home. In times of international crisis, on the other hand, the self-sufficiency of the private-profit motive is extremely doubtful. During the early months of the war we might have bought back at bargain prices a large part of our securities held abroad; but our practical men of affairs, out of regard for the general interests of our financial system, placed barriers in the way of our doing this. Let us recall the closing of the Stock Exchange and other restrictions upon exchange transactions. No one has questioned the wisdom of this policy, widely as it departed from the principles of a strictly individualistic financial order. By its restrictions upon the flotation of foreign industrial issues, the British government has placed on record its distrust of the private-profit motive. The subordination of private finance to public need in France and Germany requires no comment. In such a time as this the advantage lies with the country that succeeds in drawing to itself the greatest possible share in the international investment fund; and private efforts cannot be counted on to achieve this end.

We are not at war, and the subjugation of finance to our national use appears comparatively less pressing. Nevertheless we are sharing the distress produced by the war, and in larger measure than is needful. Purely negative means, such as restrictions upon the financing here of foreign public loans and foreign private enterprises, would of course be ineffective. They would merely accelerate the influx of our own securities. But it would not be difficult to devise positive measures appropriate to the end in view. Offer the investor domestic opportunities attractive enough to tempt him. This we could do through governmental action. There remains in this country a vast field for enterprise under governmental auspices. The development of Alaska and of the natural resources of the public domain will suggest what the possibilities in this direction are. The shares in private developmental undertakings cannot compete for funds with our returning securities and foreign loans; but shares in governmental enterprises—that is, government bonds—would be snapped up eagerly.

Such a policy would result in reducing our favorable balance of trade. More of our wheat and meat would be bought by our own workingmen, instead of being sent abroad; many of our factories, instead of working up military supplies for foreign use, would be assigned to the production of articles of necessity for our employed workingmen, and of construction materials for our permanent enterprises. We should make less progress in the direction of becoming a creditor nation, but greater progress towards domestic prosperity.

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"In Justice to—"

"In justice to General Gorgas it should be stated that there is no foundation whatever for the statement that he is to receive a salary of $50,000."

THIS correction was made to the newspapers by the Rockefeller Foundation. It refers to the work General Gorgas is to do fighting the typhus epidemic in Servia. It is intended to quiet the report that he was leaving the government service because of a large retainer offered him by the Foundation. The public is informed that it would be an injustice to General Gorgas to suppose that he will receive a large salary. There is something curious about the fact that an organization bearing the name of Rockefeller should feel called upon to dispel the idea that money was what moved General Gorgas to undertake a work which may well prove to be the greatest humanitarian enterprise and the noblest act of internationalism performed during the war.

If the Rockefellers were logical about the philosophy in which they have prospered, how could they suppose there was any injustice in paying General Gorgas an enormous sum for his enormous services? Weren't we all told in our textbooks that incentive depended upon profit, that any limitation upon what a man could accumulate would destroy the enterprise and the courage of the community? Weren't we told that the great American fortunes are the necessary reward of effort and risk and foresight? And now we are confronted with General Gorgas, who will take a risk greater than that of any capitalist, who has raised foresight into an exact science, who will conduct an organization affecting a whole nation, who will secure for his helpers hundreds of men and women devoted to nameless service, who will undergo exertions and hardships to which the management of oil properties is a parlor game, and yet when it is suggested that this superb and skilful service is to be measured by money, the Rockefellers say the imputation is unjust.

Why is it unjust? If the theory of the big fortunes is that big service requires big rewards, certainly no man would deserve a bigger one than General Gorgas. He has demonstrated that the tropics can be opened to Western civilization, and in the large perspective of history this may prove to be as important as the discovery of America. Of course General Gorgas would probably be the last one to claim all this work as his own personal triumph. He has stood on the shoulders of numberless scientists, and been aided by men who remain anonymous. But so have the Rockefellers. They themselves are neither pioneers, nor prospectors, nor chemists, nor could they have done their work without the cooperation of thousands. The individual men Rockefeller and Gorgas have supplied just that individual genius required to consummate what natural conditions and social development have ripened. The Rockefellers as a result are the possessors of the greatest personal fortune known to man; of General Gorgas it is considered an injustice to say that he receives a salary of $50,000—a salary smaller than is paid for writing Mr. Hearst's editorials, an income smaller than is paid to the owners of choice lots in the Bronx, an amount smaller perhaps than is paid to the best dancers of the fox trot.

In the light of comparisons like these, how is it possible for economists, lawyers, editors and other public men to keep on arguing that our society is rationally organized because wealth is the reward of service, accumulated wealth is a measure of service, because great fortunes are the only bait to great enterprise, because human initiative depends upon the stimulus of profit? Surely our present distribution of wealth is not the result of intelligent planning, it was not devised on the theory which textbooks use to justify it. It was not devised at all; it is a growth of accident and custom and blind compromise, and its only real claim to respect is that it exists. The sooner we realize that no profound principle is at work which says that society can only be conducted as it is now being conducted, that there is nothing in the nature of man or the structure of matter which requires a range of income from that of the Rockefellers to that of an overworked girl in a cannery, just so much sooner shall we be able to devote ourselves to remedying our irrational distribution of wealth. No more dramatic indictment was ever made against that distribution than when the Rockefellers begged people not to believe that General Gorgas was asking for a large salary.

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Heathenism

SCHOPENHAUER somewhere observes that the word heathen, no longer in reputable use elsewhere, had found a last asylum in Oxford, the paradise of dead philosophies. Even Oxford, I believe, has now abandoned it; yet it is a good word. It conveys, as no other word can, the sense of vast multitudes tossing in darkness, harassed by demons of their own choice. No doubt it implies also a certain sanctimony in the superior person who uses it, as if he at least were not chattering in the general Babel. What justified Jews, Christians and Moslems (as Mohammed in particular insisted) in feeling this superiority was the possession of a Book, a chart of life, as it were, in which the most important features of history and morals were mapped out for the guidance of teachable men. The heathen, on the contrary, were abandoned to their own resources, and even prided themselves on following only their spontaneous will, their habit, presumption, or caprice.

Most unprejudiced people would now agree that the value of those sacred histories and rules of life did not depend on their alleged miraculous origin, but rather on that solidity and perspicacity in their authors which enabled them to perceive the laws of sweet and profitable conduct in this world. It was not religion merely that was concerned, at least not that outlying, private, and almost negligible sphere to which we often apply this name; it was the whole fund of experience mankind had gathered by living; it was wisdom. Now, to record these lessons of experience, the Greeks and Romans also had their Books; their history, poetry, science, and civil law. So that while the theologically heathen may be those who have no Bible, the morally and essentially heathen are those who possess no authoritative wisdom, or reject the authority of what wisdom they have; the untaught or unteachable who disdain not only revelation but what revelation stood for among early peoples, namely, funded experience.

In this sense the Greeks were the least heathen of men. They were singularly docile to political experiment, to law, to methodical art, to the proved limitations and resources of mortal life. This life they found closely hedged about by sky, earth, and sea, by war, madness, and conscience with their indwelling deities, by oracles and local genii with their accustomed cults, by a pervasive fate, and the jealousy of invisible gods. Yet they saw that these divine forces were constant, and that they exercised their pressure and bounty with so much method that a prudent art and religion could be built up in their midst. All this was simply a poetic prologue to science and the arts; it largely passed into them, and would have passed into them altogether if the naturalistic genius of Greece had not been crossed in Socrates by a premature discouragement, and diverted into other channels.

Early Hebraism itself had hardly been so wise. It had regarded its tribal and moral interests as absolute, and the Creator as the champion and omnipotent agent of Israel. But this arrogance and inexperience were heathen. Soon the ascendency of Israel over nature and history were proclaimed to be conditional on their fidelity to the Law; and as the spirit of the nation under chastisement became more and more penitential, it was absorbed increasingly in the praise of wisdom. Salvation was to come only by repentance, by being born again with a will wholly transformed and broken; so that the later Jewish religion went almost as far as Platonism or Christianity in the direction opposite to heathenism.

This movement in the direction of an orthodox wisdom was regarded as a progress in those latter days of antiquity when it occurred, and it continued to be so regarded in Christendom until the rise of romanticism. The most radical reformers simply urged that the current orthodoxy, religious or scientific, was itself imperfectly orthodox, being corrupt, overloaded, too vague, or too narrow. As every actual orthodoxy is avowedly incomplete and partly ambiguous, a sympathetic reform of it is always in order. Yet very often the reformers are deceived. What really offends them may not be what is false in the received orthodoxy, but what though true is uncongenial to them. In that case heathenism, under the guise of a search for a purer wisdom, is working in their souls against wisdom of any sort. Such is the suspicion that Catholics would throw on Protestantism, naturalists on idealism, and conservatives generally on all revolutions.

But if ever heathenism needed to pose as constructive reform, it is now quite willing and able to throw off the mask. Desire for any orthodox wisdom at all may be repudiated; it may be set down to low vitality and failure of nerve. In various directions at once we see to-day an intense hatred and disbelief gathering head against the very notion of a cosmos to be discovered, or a stable human nature to be respected. Nature, we are told, is an artificial symbol employed by life; truth is a temporary convention; art is an expres-

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sion of personality; war is better than peace, effort than achievement, and feeling than intelligence; change is deeper than form; will is above morality. Expressions of this kind are sometimes wanton and only half thought out; but they go very deep in the subjective direction. Behind them all is a sincere revulsion against the difficult and confused undertakings of reason; against science, institutions, and moral compulsions. They mark an honest retreat into immediate experience and animal faith. Man used to be called a rational animal, but his rationality is something eventual and ideal, whereas his animality is actual and profound. Heathenism, if we consider life at large, is the primal and universal religion.

It has never been my good fortune to see wild beasts in the jungle, but I have sometimes watched a wild bull in the ring, and I can imagine no more striking, simple, and heroic example of animal faith; especially when the bull is what is technically called noble, that is, when he follows the lure again and again with eternal singleness of thought, eternal courage, and no suspicion of a hidden agency that is mocking him. What the red rag is to this brave creature, their passions, inclinations, and chance notions are to the heathen. What they will they will; and they would deem it weakness and disloyalty to ask whether it is worth willing or whether it is attainable. The bull, magnificently sniffing the air, surveys the arena with the cool contempt and disbelief of the idealist, as if he said: "You seem, you are a seeming; I do not quarrel with you, I do not fear you. I am real, you are nothing." Then suddenly, when his eye is caught by some bright cloak displayed before him, his whole soul changes. His will awakes and he seems to say: "You are my destiny; I want you, I hate you, you shall be mine, you shall not stand in my path. I will gore you. I will disprove you. I will pass beyond you. I shall be, you shall not have been." Later, when sorely wounded and near his end, he grows blind to all these excitements. He smells the moist earth, and turns to the dungeon where an hour ago he was at peace. He remembers the herd, the pasture beyond, and he dreams: "I shall not die, for I love life. I shall be young again, young always, for I love youth. All this outcry is nought to me, this strange suffering is nought. I will go to the fields again, to graze, to roam, to love."

So exactly, with not one least concession to the unsuspected reality, the heathen soul stands bravely before a painted world, covets some bauble, and defies death. Heathenism is the religion of will, the faith which life has in itself because it is life, and in its aims because it is pursuing them.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

Scandal

ONE of the effective ways of damaging an opponent is to set some scandalous rumor in circulation about him. It is the safest form of attack because modern civilization provides no effective method of meeting it. You cannot challenge the gossip to a duel; you cannot in good frontier fashion catch him and thrash him. The law is a clumsy method, which few people care to use. In a large city where people know little of each other the gossip is comparatively safe. He starts a rumor, and the thing grows and changes as it passes through people's conversation. A few kind friends come to the victim and ask him to make a reply. But what reply? Shall he write to the papers and advertise the rumor by denying it? If he does, people simply shake their heads and say: Those who excuse themselves, accuse themselves. Shall he go to the gossip and ask him to stop? More likely than not the gossip will twist the request into fresh scandal, or will find something else to gossip about.

Moreover, the victim must ask himself whether he can afford to let any slanderer put him on the defensive, whether he can afford the cost of time and irritation which the pursuit of slander involves. It is pretty clear that a man who once takes to answering insinuation soon does little else. It is a task well symbolized by the cleaning of the Augean stables. For the moment a person is known outside a circle of immediate friends, at that moment there begins to develop a legend. Women in public life suffer from this especially. Somebody somewhere is certain to have a nasty suspicion, which becomes associated with some half-observed fact and then begins to flower through suspicion until innocent and well-meaning people are repeating the scandal as truth. There probably isn't a single politician, reformer, publicist, labor leader, about whom somebody isn't saying something profoundly mean. The man is said to be drinking, or it is whispered that he is sexually illicit, or that he is corrupt, or that he indulges in what are so plainly described as unmentionable practices.

Anyone in this country who has been through a big political fight, or a strike, or an election, knows that the circulation of rumor which never reaches the publicity of print is one of the deadliest weapons that either side can employ. It was years before Col. Roosevelt found an opportunity to deal with the rumor that he was a drunkard, and that opportunity came only by good fortune, when an editor in an obscure town made the insinuation plain enough to justify a libel suit. Judge Lindsey is only now beginning to secure a vindication for

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the wretched slander which has been spread about him, and thousands of people will never know he has been vindicated. There are enough lies afloat about President Wilson to sink him at the pit of Billy Sunday's hell, and he has no defense against them. If he issued denials, a hundred accusing fingers would be pointed where now there is one.

Every reporter is a receptacle of scandal. But the honest reporter has a moral code which says that the use of gossip for personal ends or to serve a personal grudge is as low an activity as that of a doctor who would talk about his patients at a dinner-table. It is expecting too much to ask a reporter to weigh the evidence of every rumor, but a reporter who has realized the importance of his work in a democracy where public opinion rules will certainly never stoop to the employment of what he hears for the sake of satisfying his own malice. Yet there are reporters who are like "Typhoid Mary"—they spread their infection without conscience. Often they are the tool of some politician, some special interest. Occasionally they imagine themselves to be serving a cause. And there are always plenty of people ready to believe them, for people still have a peculiar awe of reporters, regarding them as very much on the inside of life.

There are few of us who do not enjoy this sense of really knowing what's what. It extends our experience, and gives us a vicarious importance. If we cannot live great passions, we can at least read about Mme. Du Barry's boudoir; if we cannot be smart, we can at least feel that we have an insider's knowledge of the smart set. The moral earnestness and deep attention which people will devote to discussing other people's domestic affairs suggests that gossip is perhaps a genuine primitive art in which there is katharsis through pity and fear and pride and joy. One woman leaves her husband; a hundred women chatter about it, and their passionate interest might make a cynic wonder whether they are not living through all the emotions of a great adventure without the risk of moving away from their own steam radiators. Gossip is experience without responsibility. It is a means of taking part in interesting or important events without any of the risk that comes of being an actor in them. Gossip, in short, is the pleasure of the spectator at the business of life.

There is always some kind of truth in a rumor. It may describe an actual fact, it may distort it a little, it may distort it grossly. Or it may be founded on no objective truth whatever, and may simply reveal the expectation or the prejudices of the gossip himself. A good deal of the scandal about actresses, for example, betrays an unconscious desire on the part of the scandalmonger. Much of the foulness imputed to public men betrays a wish on the part of their opponents for the existence of something sufficiently damaging to destroy. The human mind soon weaves a fantasy to suit its purposes, and not even the most critical intelligence is proof against its own will to believe. A classic case for all time was the rumor in England last August that a vast Russian army was passing through on its way to France. That rumor was supported by evidence so perfect that it would have hanged a man in court. And yet what was it?—the frantic myth of a people in despair, a people whose army was being shattered, who needed help. The English people found temporary hope and comfort in their myth, and for a time some of the ablest men in England were using all their intelligence to find reasons for believing it. It is well to remember this when the statement is made that where there is much smoke there must be some fire. The gossip which sooner or later attaches itself to everyone whom people talk about reveals something, no doubt, but what it reveals about the gossiper as well as his victim requires more analytic power than is usually displayed in casual conversation.

Because of its formlessness and irresponsibility, people expect the victim to pay very little attention to gossip. They quite rightly classify as cranks those men who are always seeking vindication, calling upon their honor, assuming noble attitudes, and inviting the lightning to strike. To venture forth in defense of honor armed with a demand for damages seems, even when it is feasible, a somewhat ridiculous proceeding; the trouble with dueling or "beating up" is that truth dwells so often with those who are poor shots or who hate scuffles.

In general it may be said that public men become callous to scandal; only those with a good epidermis occupy a public office with comfort. And the result of this process of selection is that only the fit survive, the fit being those who are born or have made themselves somewhat insensitive. Men of quick feeling and thin skin suffer much, and many of them can endure public life only by shutting themselves off from contact with the world and seeing only those associates who have learned to protect them. They lose by this, of course, for they shut off, together with the painful criticism, the criticism that they need to hear. There is a dilemma here which few have solved. How, for example, is a man to work with any ease if he begins his day by receiving a caller who tells him that all the people in one place think he is a drunkard, and all the people somewhere else believe that he has had corrupt dealings with a corporation? How much disinterested and com-

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posed thought is he capable of devoting after that to his real duties? He may determine to forget the slander, but its poison will work on his nerves, sap his strength, lower his vitality. Yet he can't spend his time issuing statements, demanding investigations, hurling challenges. So if he is wise he does not react, lets the rumor play itself out and die, as rumors do, for lack of nourishment. Only if the rumor crystallizes can anything be done about it. Only when the gossip has taken public responsibility for his gossip can the victim strike back.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

Prints and a Frame of Mind

Catherine: What is our business to-day?
Naryshkin: The new museum, Little Mother. But the model will not be ready until to-night.
Catherine: Yes, the museum. An enlightened capital should have a museum. I must have specimens, specimens, specimens, specimens.
—The Great Catherine.
George Bernard Shaw.

HOW true a picture this may be of the founding of museums in Russia historians can dispute with Shaw. But it is a vividly accurate picture of how museums must inevitably be founded in any community determined to have artistic taste and without a rich artistic heritage, notably the United States.

In Europe even minor museums have an essential and intimate relation to the life of their communities, for they are a community's visible memory of itself. As ancestral beauties are menaced there is a desire to conserve them, as instinctive as your desire to keep a photograph of your mother when a girl. The weather-beaten carvings on the cathedral begin to crumble, the altar paintings grow blackened by incessant candle smoke, and a museum grows to preserve them. The pikes and halberds which created Swiss independence are themselves objects of art; and the blue and white legends on the tiled hearths which successive generations of warriors saved, the museums at Zurich or Geneva save again. Even the Louvre is not an art museum only, but a monument to the glory of France, a record not of art alone but of conquest. Its gallery of Rubens celebrates Henry of Navarre and his white plume, the Salon Carré is a reminder of "la gloire de l'empereur" who could exact from Italy some of her greatest masterpieces. You feel that even Sunday strollers are moved by the thought. They never forget, I feel certain, that the emperor's crown is only a few rooms away. When the Louvre cannot awaken their love of beauty, it revives their love of France. Its relation to them is a warm, human thing able to minister to them without exacting more knowledge or taste than they happen to possess.

But in America the art museum can be only an art museum, and you go not to realize America but to learn of every corner of the world that America has ransacked for specimens, typical specimens, great specimens, beautiful specimens, rare specimens, the best specimens money could buy. You go only to see art, reluctantly—though you may not admit it—to the weary business of understanding art by staring at it piecemeal, art which stares at you through a thousand masks, persistently reminding you that they have been brought together for no other purpose than that you should understand them. Millions have been spent, lives have been given, uniquely for you and your growing understanding. And you go finally perhaps to see the Riggs collection of armor, with a sudden conviction that you ought to know more about art, akin to the sudden helpless conviction that you ought to do something for the poor, when, impulsively, you mail a check to some charity.

Such is the American art museum, originally an unpretentious brick building founded at a time when only kindly and far-sighted cranks thought of art at all, now transformed into a Corinthian palace of many marble wings, admonishing us that art is with us.

The Boston Art Museum recently opened its new wing, doubling its size, but the occasion has greater significance. For the first time an American museum has looked not only at itself but over its shoulder at the public who must be made to need it, and has achieved a radical reorganization of its methods. A Renoir, a Monet, and a Chavannes, lost as usual on overcrowded walls of marble and damask, were lent for the occasion. But the occasion is made memorable not by particular masterpieces but by one masterpiece of arrangement: the prints under Mr. Fitzroy Carrington.

"Humanizing an art museum," is his phrase. "Of course," he added, "a print department at best is a minor department. It can never contain a museum's greatest treasures. But it can come closer to life." And the department does, because Mr. Carrington possesses not only the necessary psychological insight, but a rare type of executive imagination as well.

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The first problem, as Mr. Carrington sees it, is the problem of presentation. A curator with his material (I am paraphrasing a morning's talk with him) is in the position of a manager with a newly accepted play. He must stage it. The psychology of attention is preliminary to the psychology of appreciation. The problem is how to secure the sort of attention that ripens naturally into interest and enthusiasm, and the first concern is the setting, for there is a physical limit to what the eye can take in. "Put too many etchings on a wall and they become so many postage stamps." What frames a picture is not its frame but its relation to the wall space that bounds it. When will curators of paintings realize that all pictures are subject to the same law?

You may have wondered why plaster casts of the Venus of Milos are so omnipresent in the world, until you remember that the statue is shown in a room alone. So Mr. Carrington, given two large rooms, divided the space into six, none larger than the ordinary living-room of a private house, compact in two adjoining rows of three with a larger room across the end. The whole group is no larger than a small flat. There is rarely more than a single row of prints, and as few as possible on each wall, every wall being broken into smaller units by a door, with the result that each room contains so little that you grasp it as a unit.

Pironesi's engravings of Rome strung along the entrance hall lead you, like an overture to an opera, into the first room of engraved and etched portraits, which embodies part of Senator Sumner's collection of prints with which the department was founded. "They represent," Mr. Carrington remarked, "what Sumner would have done to-day with greater opportunities." Observe this first departure from traditional museum policy; a donor's gift is not enshrined, his intentions are realized. The room of contemporary etchings institutes a more revolutionary departure. With Brangwyn, Zorn, Lepère and Steinlen are hung unknown younger men. Mr. Carrington knew nothing more of them than these single prints, but he hung them to let the public know of a new man and to "size him up," whether or not the dealers thought him worth patronizing. Compare this with the traditional museum policy of stamping only established reputations with official approval, and hanging them, eternally unchallenged, occasionally long after they are obsolete.

A room containing Meryon's etchings of Paris, from whom the cult of picturesque Paris dates, adjoins the men of 1830, his contemporaries. From Turner's mezzotints you enter a room of Dürer's wood engravings illustrating the life of the Virgin, and from one corner before his "Flight into Egypt," through the door leading into the last little gallery devoted to his predecessor Schongauer, you catch a glimpse of Schongauer's etching of the same subject almost identical in composition. You observe the formative influence at a glance, and have instinctively realized the meaning of comparative criticism.

If nothing you have seen yet interests you, it is a step into the enormous library of prints where you may browse for hours over other original Dürers and Rembrandts. There are complete facsimiles of all prints not originals, and a growing file of modern magazine and book illustrations which will presently be as complete. In the basement below are two presses, one for etchings, the other for woodcuts, where the co-director of the department, an expert in the technique of printing, has office hours twice a week and will aid anyone in pulling off experimental proofs.

You have strolled through these rooms as pleasantly as through the rooms of a friend, and realized a short history of etching with as little fatigue as if you had taken down a few books from his shelves. And as the exhibit in one room is changed on an average of every three weeks, you are tempted back as naturally as you are to a succession of "one-man shows." Prints have been humanized because they have been related to your needs and mine, alike to the connoisseur's who comes to compare a rare proof of a Meryon with one he owns, and to the embryonic collector's, eager to find younger men he can afford to buy. The department reaches not only the etcher with his own press but the beginner without one, not only the painter but the illustrator forming his style, and eager to see Charles Dana Gibson in a recent number of *Life*, as well as Charles Keene in an early number of *Punch*.

Etching became more real to me than it had been since a summer afternoon seven years ago, when I sat beside a country road, my burin a needle stuck into the end of a lead pencil, scratching the outlines of Marsden Hartley's cabin on my first plate. It was "bitten" in front of the barn with a chicken's feather to spread the acid, while a bottle of acid fumed in the shade of an elm, and hens skipped about it restlessly like tourists at the edge of a volcano. I wanted to etch again more keenly than I wanted to see the other Dürers in the library, and I regretted returning to a city where, although Dürers are exhibited, presses for one's own experiments are less accessible. With me, as with anyone, Mr. Carrington had accomplished his purpose. He had not only shown me art, he had brought me back to life again, even to my own.

LEE SIMONSON.

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The Stout Lady Buys A Dancer

THIS morning I sold an etching to a stout lady with a dog. I liked the picture, and was sorry to let it go. The subject represented an Oriental girl invoking the gods before the dance. She kneels, praying perhaps for a renewal of that primitive ecstasy of which the dance was born in some jungle long ago. Or—who can tell?—she might be praying to find favor in the eyes and imagination of a king. At any rate, I am convinced that her prayer will be granted. No divinity, at least no eastern god, could forget the vital essence of things so far as to separate youth and grace and desire from their consummation. Ah well, adieu; the mystery of your beauty still glows and charms; perhaps it is better that I have lost you so soon.

But the stout lady with the dog. What will she do with the little dancer? How much is that scene a reflection of her own thought or emotion? Does it express and make manifest a secret mood within her own life? Does it interpret a personal experience, providing a more romantic setting to some episode, or at least some desire, which the commonplace days would otherwise drag down to oblivion? Away with your critics who set the worth of a picture upon any arrangement of color and line. They are scientists, not men; and may I never sell canvasses except to those finding in them something contributive to their own inner life—something explaining, or confirming, or renewing, their hold upon self and the elusive spiritual world. So if the stout lady with the dog feels her stoutness the less and her capacity for vision the more, we have both done well. Perhaps hers is the one nature for which the sketch was made, herself the very mate in experience to whom the artist sent forth his work, when in the fulness of inspiration he let it go. I hope that she is.

But that is not all. For a long time I held the check by which this exchange was made, and pondered over it. The figure was less than the market value of the dog, but that may not matter. What caused me to ponder was the reflection that the wrong person might easily have bought the etching for the same price and thereby deprived the stout lady not of an object merely, but a joy; not of a possession, but of an increased sense of life.

As a picture dealer I meet with many people and opinions. I meet the "practical" man who gets no impression from art; I meet the enthusiastic woman whose impressions are second-hand, taken from a dead critic or a passing mode; the opinion that art, like faith, is dead forever; that art is essentially parochial and will decay with the fusing of nationality in commerce; that art is this, that or the other technical achievement; but the only person who really makes me feel that handling pictures is different from handling motor-cars or canned meat is he who accidentally discovers some canvas which gives him a sharp personal impression, as of a page recovered from an old forgotten diary. This is the only kind of transaction which makes me actually believe in art as something unalterably opposed to industry.

But there is always the question of money; usually the right man cannot afford the picture. The artist, I am almost certain, would prefer to give his work freely to the man who truly and passionately desired it for the sake of a personal benefit, and who knew its inner meaning by reason of its affinity to his own experience. Studying these different attitudes I have grown convinced that pictures and sculpture and music are created only from personal experience in the artist's life, and have no general value save as they can isolate similar experiences from the monotonous context of things in the lives of others, serving to interpret them more fully or in some way to impress their importance more firmly upon another's self-consciousness. And by studying natures indifferent to art I realize that art has no meaning for them precisely because they have little sense of personal significance, little power to create or retain those centers of thought and emotion corresponding to the moods that artists express—because, in short, they have too little of that self-consciousness which alone, from the human as opposed to the biological point of view, is life.

But this takes me back to the check I held in my hand so long and pondered over. What manner of world is it we have made, this modern world dominated by the idea that gold is currency between man and man? For we have not one currency, but two. It is money indeed which transfers the ownership of things from one person to another, without respect to the real relation the thing owned bears to its possessor; but art is the medium for transferring the fulness and meaning of life from one to another personality. As things are, both currencies necessarily persist, and the question is not whether they contradict each other but on what terms they should be made supplementary. Shall the transfer of life by art proceed as incidental to the transfer of things by money, or the transfer of things be made to serve the creation of life? The poverty of civilization, from the point of view of being, is obviously due to its wealth as power of material exchange. Everywhere the creative nature is compelled to observe a standard and a law applicable not to men but to things. And more and more, in consequence, the purchasing power of money decreases with respect to its control of knowledge and enthusiasm. I am not an economist, and I apolo-

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gize to those learned minds who are fitted, by long study, to perceive money as a kind of organism, self-sustaining and self-sufficient. I cannot so realize it, thanks to my little Oriental dancer, and I wonder what the end of the long struggle shall be; whether we moderns can learn soon enough to make wealth incidental to life, or whether, as happened not so long ago, a misdirected civilization will topple of its own weight, and a few chastened survivors build more wisely upon the ruin of all this "borrowed marble and stolen fame."

HORACE HOLLEY.

Apprentices to the School

VOCATIONAL training in the schools of Gary means that whatever work is necessary in the way of repairing, conserving, beautifying or enhancing the facilities, is done by the school itself. These large, lavishly equipped modern school-buildings require a force of mechanics to keep them in repair. Their shops are the industrial and manual shops for the school. The children work in them with skilled union workmen, who are employed not primarily as "manual training" teachers, but as assistants to the building superintendent. The mechanics teach by allowing the children to help them as apprentices. They earn their salaries by repair and construction work, while the children who desire it get an incomparable vocational training at practically no cost to the town. Where the ordinary trade-school must have large classes to make the enterprise pay, the Gary vocational work may be done with the smallest groups, for the shops are paying for themselves anyway.

Manual training takes on quite a new meaning as you move about, watching the boys in the carpenter-shop making desks or tables, or cabinets for the botany collections, or book-racks for the library, sending them on to the paint-shop when they have finished; boys in the sheet-metal shop hammering zinc for the roof; young electricians repairing bells; a couple of plumbers tinkering with pipes; little groups of serious and absorbedly interested boys in foundry and forge and pattern-making shop, all cooperating like the parts of a well-ordered factory. There was obviously enough real work to keep busy for his hour a day every child who desired training in a trade. Where school and workshop are thus fused, the need for "continuation" and "cooperative" courses—where the boy alternates between shop or factory and school—disappears. The child has the advantages of both.

The ordinary school, and even the specialized vocational school, is rarely doing more in its industrial, manual, or domestic science work than playing a rather dreary game with toys. There could scarcely be a greater contrast between the real shops of the Gary schools and those ordinary "shops" and kitchens with their dozens of little machines at which at a given time the entire class does its little stereotyped "stunt." In Gary the domestic science room is a real kitchen in which the daily luncheon is prepared and served at cost to the teachers and pupils who desire it. The cook is a real cook, and the girls come in as observers, helpers or workers, just as the boys go into the shops. The nearest approach to a luxury is the pottery shop, but this is itself perhaps the best symbol of that fusion of the artistic and the practical that is the Wirt genius. What are you to say when you walk into the art studio and find half a dozen girls and boys high on a scaffolding painting a frieze which they have themselves designed, while others are at work on stained-glass designs to go in varnished paper on the panels of the door?

There is a genial, joyous quality about all the work that gives every room a charm—the foundry with its deep shadows, the smooth gray pottery shop with its turning wheels and bright glazed jugs, the botany room with its mass of greenery. Even the history room at Emerson School had the atmosphere which comes from concentrated interest and the slow accretion of significant material. Emerson itself is a spacious and dignified building with innumerable little touches of taste that one usually associates only with the high schools of exceptionally wealthy and cultivated suburban communities. It is a delightful paradox that so beautiful a life should appear to be lived where every activity seems to be motivated by direct utilitarian application. I said that you have to plough your mind up to understand this kind of a school. Certainly I have never seen a place which more nearly permitted to seem real that old ideal of the joy of work which we imagine must have existed back in guild days. It may be left to the imagination what children trained in such a school are likely to have to say to the industrial society in which we live.

The practical work of the school is only limited by local school needs, but the shoeless condition of some of the Froebel children inspired the starting of a shoe shop where old shoes were made

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over. Both Emerson and Froebel have a printery from which come all the blanks, reports, programs, etc., used in the school, as well as the bulletins and papers by which the various classes are tempted to preserve the good things they write. The commercial pupils have charge of all the accounting and bookkeeping as well as the supplies. The children who work in the shops are paid in checks, which are calculated on the basis of prevailing union wages for the working-time. This provides opportunities for a banking system, which is also in charge of the commercial class. In the Jefferson School the boiler-room is an integral part of the machine-shop.

The botany class was responsible for the beautiful and elaborate conservatory at the entrance of the Emerson School, and for the window hothouse in the botany room, where practical experiments are made. The botanists also have charge of the shrubs and trees on the grounds, and the vegetable gardens which they work communistically all through the summer. Their study of food and textile products ramified into the domestic science work, just as the zoology study was fused with physiology. This latter class had a playground zoo, with foxes and coyotes, raccoons and prairie-dogs, about whose habits and adventures they were preparing a brochure, which was already in press at the printery. When I stepped into the zoology laboratory itself, I found that I was in an even more animated zoo. Crows, chickens and pigeons in cages at the back of the room were lusty with vociferous greeting. The imperturbability of the children amidst this racket showed me how well aware they were that this was the way a zoology room ought to behave.

Such a school, where the child works almost unconsciously into a vocation which appeals to him as neither play nor drudgery, is far more "vocational" than even the specialized school. The child, beginning so young in shop or laboratory, and assimilating the work very gradually, is able to lay deep foundations of interest and skill. The Gary school is distinctly unspecialized. In a sense it gives a completely "liberal education." The child emerges a skilful amateur. The industrial and scientific work no more "train" him to take a definite place in the industrial world than the cultural work trains him to be a college professor. But he does leave school well equipped to cope with a dynamic, rapidly changing industrial society which demands above all things versatility, and which scraps methods and machines as ruthlessly as it does men. Only the man of rounded training and resourcefulness who can turn his hand quickly to a variety of occupations has much chance of success. Our public school, in spite of its fancied "liberal" curriculum, has really been turning out only very low-grade specialists. It has made no effort to produce the type of mind most needed today—the versatile machinist, the practical engineer, the mind that adapts and masters mechanism. This is probably the best intellectual type our society produces. This exactness, resourcefulness, inventiveness, pragmatic judgment of a mechanism by its product, the sense of machinery as a means, not an end, are exactly the qualities that society demands in every profession or trade.

The Gary school is the first I have seen that promises to cultivate this kind of intelligence. It frankly accepts the machine not in the usual sense of the vocational schools, as an exacting master that the child is to learn docilely to obey, but as the basis of our modern life, by whose means we must make whatever progress we may will. The machine seems to be a thing to which society is irrevocably pledged. It is time the school recognized it. In Gary it is with the child from his earliest years. It is the motive of his scientific study. The physics teacher at the Emerson School told me that he thought the fascinating and irresponsible automobile had done more to educate the younger male generation than most of the public schools. Tinkering with an automobile was a whole scientific training.

I dropped into his physics class, and found a dozen twelve-year-old girls and their nine-year-old "helpers" studying the motor-cycle. With that fine disregard for boundaries which characterizes Gary education, the hour began with a spelling lesson of the names of the parts and processes of the machine. After the words were learned, the mechanism was explained to them as they pored over it, and their memory of vaporization, evaporation, etc., called into play. The motor-cycle was set going, the girls described its action, and the lesson was over, as perfect a piece of teaching as I have ever heard. The intense animation of that little group was all the more piquant for having as a background the astounded disapprobation of three grave school superintendents from the East.

To these physics classes the ventilating, heating and electric systems in the schools are all textbooks. The climate is studied. The shops provide many physics problems. There was a class of boys having explained to them the physical principles of various types of machines. The impetuous rush of those little boys as they were sent into the machine-shop to take apart a lawn-mower, a bicycle, and a cream-separator, and the look of elation on their faces, would alone make Gary unforgettable to me. It was evident that this was indeed a different kind of school.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

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A COMMUNICATION

The "Copycat" Vote

SIR: The editorial comment in your issue of April tenth on the women's vote in the Chicago election states that if the men had remained away from the polls "the result of the mayoralty election would have been precisely the same." With the truth of this statement there can of course be no question, but any adequate discussion of the significance of the women's vote at this election, and in particular any discussion of the question of whether or not the women's vote merely duplicated the men's vote, must take into consideration the vote at the preceding mayoralty primary held February 23, 1915. The result of this primary was the nomination of an undesirable Republican together with the nomination of an undesirable Democratic candidate for mayor, so that at last Tuesday's election men and women alike had only the chance of choosing the least undesirable candidate.

But I wish to submit as extremely significant the fact that if the men had remained away from the primary the women would have nominated not the Republican candidate who was elected last Tuesday, but Judge Harry Olson, Chief Justice of the Municipal Court, who was the "fusion reform candidate" agreed upon by the Merriam Progressives and the reform element in the Republican party. The vote in the Republican primary was as follows:

	Men	Women	Total
Thompson	61,218	25,842	87,060
Olson	51,813	32,922	84,735
Women's plurality for Olson		7,080	
Men's plurality for Thompson		9,405	

These figures show that if the men had stayed at home on primary day, the fate of Chicago would have been different, for the women gave a substantial plurality to Judge Olson. On election day the women were merely doing the best they could with the undesirable situation created by the men voters. A cynical critic, instead of moralizing, as you suggest, on the question of how far the women voters are "obedient copycats of male opinion," would be rather inclined to reflect on the possible results of disfranchising the men!

EDITH ABBOTT.

Chicago.

CORRESPONDENCE

Unwise Partiality for England

SIR: I think few candid persons will deny that the pro-German discussion of the present European war has been in better taste and with fewer invectives than has marked the pro-Allies' tone both in newspaper articles and private intercourse.

The criticism of those you designate as pro-Germans has always been that the administration at Washington had not been neutral in good faith in its treatment of the different questions that have arisen in the war for its consideration and action.

On page 219 of your issue of April third you confess judgment to the charge that the administration has been hypocritical in its professions of neutrality when you say "candid and liberal Englishmen will admit . . . that the American government and American public opinion have . . . exhibited a real if not formal partiality for Great Britain."

I am one of those that regret this real partiality, a partiality so evident that he who runs may read; and just as, as subsequent events have disclosed, American sympathy with Japan was unwise, so we will undoubtedly live to regret the success of Russia, Japan and Great Britain, if they have a success in the present war.

The absolute disregard Great Britain has shown for all neutral rights and international law is only in line with the arrogant course she has always followed when she thought her interests were in conflict with the rights of others, but it is humiliating to those of us who are first Americans, that she has been as contemptuous of our honor and rights and remonstrances as she has been of the territory of a helpless country like Chile, or of the petty countries, her neighbors.

It is hard for one who places America first to decide whether it is better to be hypocritical and in bad faith, or to be cringing and pusillanimous. Real partiality when opposed to formal neutrality is the one. A love of peace that admits of outrage of our rights is the other.

LESLIE COMBS.

Lexington, Ky.

Home Prices in Wartime

SIR: THE NEW REPUBLIC was sent to me as a Christmas present. I have become much interested in it, and was enclosing names for specimen copies when it occurred to me that there was a subject upon which I would like to be enlightened; and then I thought that perhaps one of the editors might give some information in that journal that would satisfy me.

I would like to have this explained: When our country is full of the unemployed—our cities crowded by them—when there are constant appeals to us all for charity—when many of our own people do not have sufficient food—and when everyone justly complains of "the high cost of living"—when men of other nations consider their duty as "reservists" for the defense of monarchies as of more account than any duty toward America, and leave their destitute families here for Americans to support—why should the packers and the owners of wheat, etc., be encouraged to make such a commotion because they cannot send the necessities of life out of the country? In my opinion a government that imposes a "war-tax" should compel the necessities of life to be kept at home, and sold at a reasonable price to the people. Storage houses are overcrowded, but food prices are not lowered. The owners are so selfish, so inhuman, that they are willing to embroil our country in the war, if only they can sell their possessions at a high price. Rather than lower prices, they will let their commodities spoil. Is it not in the power of the government to compel these people to put down the prices of food? Cannot some one on the editorial staff of THE NEW REPUBLIC write something on this subject to shame the people who thus use their capital to exploit their own countrymen? Of course this has been going on for years in this country. People in the state of Washington and in Texas have told me of the quantities of fruit spoiling on the ground, while we in Chicago could not get any that was fit to eat. I have heard the same from people in California—car-loads thrown away, rather than lower the price. These men have been like a band of brigands for years. And it

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really caps the climax when the government becomes so solicitous in their behalf because they cannot take their goods out of the country.

M. GOODING.

Chicago.

Sonnets Made in America

SIR: Mr. Santayana's paraphrase of "When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes" in your issue of February 27 is delightfully clever, but at first one does not quite know what to make of the critical comments which accompany it. My guess would be that Mr. Santayana first rewrote the sonnet for the fun of the thing, and then composed the commentary in a spirit of mischief, as a sort of "crust for the critics." Well, I "bite."

"The experiment," says Mr. Santayana, "is meant only to make evident how much old finery there is in our literary baggage, and how original an original poet would have to be." So he "plucks" the sonnet of all its "Elizabethan feathers," and rewrites it in diction and imagery drawn entirely from contemporary American life. The assumption that an original poet must discard all the "old finery" is of course ironical; a good deal of the finery of this sonnet, as Mr. Santayana observes, was old when the sonnet was written. The trouble is that Mr. Santayana's irony is a little too finished; his serious manner is so perfect that the majority of his readers probably took him for a sincere modernist. In reality, as readers of his essay on "The Poetry of Barbarism" know, he would be about the last person in the world to contend that a poet should limit himself in diction or figure to the every-day experience of his generation. Here he is really taking a fling at American standards and ideas of poetry.

It is on this point that I should like to quarrel with him. America is not quite so submerged in Philistinism as he would have us think. America has been deceived far less than Europe by the fallacy of Walt Whitman, for instance. The connotations of Shakespearean diction are by no means obsolete in America. If we want to inquire how an American poet of to-day would treat a traditional poetic theme in a sonnet we need not be reduced to speculation. We may take a sonnet like this one:

> The candour of the gods is in thy gaze,
> The strength of Dian in thy virgin hand,
> Commanding as the goddess might command,
> And lead her lovers into higher ways.
> Aye, the gods walk among us in these days,
> Had we the docile soul to understand;
> And me they visit in this joyless land,
> To cheer mine exile and receive my praise.
> For once, methinks, before the angels fell,
> Thou too didst follow the celestial seven
> Threading in file the meads of asphodel.
> And when thou comest, lady, where I dwell,
> The place is flooded with the light of heaven
> And a lost music I remember well.

If it could be done without trespassing too much upon your space, it would be easy to apply to this sonnet exactly the method which Mr. Santayana has applied to "When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes." Thus we have a perfectly conventional poetic theme, "encrusted with old-fashioned jewels and embroideries." We have not only heaven, which Mr. Santayana says does not exist in the modern cosmology, but two kinds of denizens, gods and angels. Mr. Santayana is wrong in supposing that there are no larks in America; but I believe I should be right in saying that there are no meads of asphodel. Finally, it is interesting to remember that this admirable American sonnet is found in a little volume called "Sonnets and Other Poems," by George Santayana.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

The Possible League of Peace

SIR: In your editorial of March twentieth, entitled, "A League of Peace," you show that such a league must be something more than an anti-war alliance; must be inspired by the will for peace, even if it means disciplining offending members. You find, however, a fatal obstacle to such a league in the face that "no state will abandon its sovereignty."

There have been many definitions of sovereignty, but if we state it broadly as "the right of a nation to follow its own sweet will," it is apparent that the increasingly crowded condition of the earth due to space-annihilating inventions as well as to mere growth of population, has already greatly limited this sort of sovereignty in practice, if not in theory.

Even the greatest powers have found it convenient to "will to do" that which best suited the convenience of the world at large. Germany entered the world late as a maritime nation. She adopted and loyally maintained the conventions of the sea (I am not now speaking of war conventions) mainly worked out by her great rival. It is quite conceivable that she might have said, "It is beneath the dignity of a sovereign state to accept sea rules devised by any one else; German ships will carry red lights on starboard and blue lights on the port side, or no lights at all. German ships will not follow your international lanes across the Atlantic, because we will not submit to any constraint"; but she "willed" to do what world interests, including her own, manifestly constrained her to do.

If I walk along a country road I may proceed at my own pace. I may run; I may saunter; I may tango from one side to the other; but when the road leads me into the heart of a city, I must proceed decorously along the sidewalk. I can still go where I please, but must suit my going to the general convenience. My practical, every-day, sub-lunar sovereignty is not much disturbed; my theoretical "right to do as I damn please" sovereignty, my sovereignty *in vacuo* of the Treitschke, Bernhardi, yes, Cramb type, is very much invaded.

Now, let us admit that this ideal of sovereignty is a serious obstacle to the formation of such a peace league as you have outlined. Even so there is no good reason to consider it insurmountable, much less fatal. The growing sense of the advantages of a *modus vivendi* among the nations, on the one hand, and the disadvantages of war, especially under modern conditions, on the other, will certainly in time overcome even this obstacle, and the harder the pacifists press for a solution of this question, the quicker such time will arrive.

In passing, it may be said that the very characteristics that make the German people so formidable in the hands of militaristic and world-empire idealists—their obedience to authority, their willingness to "go along"—would make the nation one of the most loyal and effective members of such a League of Peace.

GEORGE BURNHAM, JR.

Philadelphia.

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The Primitive Mind

The Natural Law, a play in three acts, by Charles Sumner. Presented at the Republic Theatre, New York.

"THE Natural Law" is a brave excursion into rudimentary psychology. An unknown playwright, Mr. Charles Sumner, may seem to have started on his career with the intention of writing a crude modern melodrama. There are moments in the course of the play when this appears almost indisputable. But on slight reflection it becomes quite evident that Mr. Sumner is not only a satirist in the making but also a genuine ethnologist. Under the guise of revealing New Yorkers, he has presented one of the acutest possible studies of that most fascinating of all problems, the primitive mind.

At no time in the course of this play does Mr. Sumner disclose the name of his primitive tribe, but judging by the degree of their sophistication they are probably akin to the Bongos. A slight contact with Christian missionaries has quite evidently qualified, or contaminated, their tribal customs, but on the whole they are instructively primitive. One could wish, for the sake of the amateur, that their racial pedigree had been frankly stated. They may be Ibibios, or Dankas, or Lillooets, or Bagobos. But this is not of any considerable theatrical consequence. It is enough to tag them as interesting specimens of a rude society and interesting exponents of "natural law."

The point about these people which Mr. Sumner has chosen to illustrate is their strange conception, or misconception, of the sex relation. To do this in a fashion at once revealing and delicate is not as simple as it sounds. Among civilized people sex has its own conventions, and it is impossible to represent barbaric people without seeming to run counter to these conventions. I confess I was not surprised to see an angry couple depart in the middle of "The Natural Law," outraged by Mr. Sumner's faithful frankness. But a greater sympathy with the scientific spirit enabled the rest of us to sit out his most extravagant revelations.

The position of marriageable woman in this primitive society is not altogether edifying. So far as one can gather, she is a sort of football tossed among male contestants, and the object of these amorous rivals is to dribble her or carry her or punt her to the matrimonial goal. A special advantage in this exciting game is conferred on the man who can get "engaged" to her. If he is engaged he is entitled, no matter what happens, to a sort of matrimonial place-kick. And the chief tension in "The Natural Law" is created by the wrangle between the principal contestants as to the ethics of this particular manoeuver.

For, when the drama opens, we discover a beautiful young aborigine left on the matrimonial gridiron in the proper position to be neatly lifted over the goal. The man who has the right to this first attempt at scoring is one of the sober elders of the tribe. It is his misfortune, however, that, having got his girl so far, he is compelled to quit the game temporarily. In his absence a handsome young brave comes along, and on the very eve of the elder's return he disturbs the whole game by declaring that he also loves the maiden.

Now every one knows the extraordinary allegiance of savage people to ceremonial forms. It is true that this allegiance is not evident in the handsome brave, but it has the greatest pull on the gloomy elder and on his feminine perquisite. When the girl learns the elder is coming, she feels the acute necessity of staying in place for his kick, and she says to the brave: "I'll have to put you out of my life." To the elder this also seems proper. He sees the brave as a deplorable young savage, daring to stir the girl's emotions, to "dominate her soul through her senses." "Think of your mother," he says to the shamefaced maiden. "She has never felt his magnetism," the maiden pleads faintly. "It is the magnetism of Youth," thunders the angry elder. The maiden hangs her guilty head. She has been convicted of possessing "senses." She has been culpably magnetized by youth.

But a stolen interview with the magnetic youth ends in their complete intimacy. And then, after the fashion of her primitive tribe, the young maiden has a tremendous revulsion of feeling, and drives the young brave away.

For among these savages, apparently, the woman is mentally as well as physically a football. As to the meaning of sex, she is kept in darkest ignorance until some man scores the institutional goal. And if she has any experience of sex before that event, it destroys all its value for the winner of the game. In great sorrow the elder of the tribe dissects a lily for her benefit, and explains to this maiden the nature and the consequences of her act, and then, when she is made fully aware of her condoned depravity, she is put in position at the other end of the gridiron for the young brave to try his luck at winning her.

The brave, however, remains hopelessly unsportsmanlike. To the disgust of all the other members of the tribe, including the girl, he has temporarily lost interest in football. His one desire is to hurry up the nuptials in order to get away and run races with a neighboring tribe. Every one despises him, and the maiden, for the first time, revolts at being treated so rudely. "If I am to be damned for breaking the rules of the tribe, I'll be damned alone, alone." It is the first intimation that she is anything but passive. It is also the last.

In regard to her baby, the gloomy elder is troubled. Bound by a custom of the tribe, a Hippocratic oath, to have it brought into the world, he is also bound by another custom of the tribe to secure for it a paternal name. But just as he has got to the point of deciding to bind the girl to himself in a sexless marriage, for the sake of the unborn, the handsome young brave comes back, having run like a hare in the foreign contests and won a medal as big as a plate.

The football game is again renewed. At this point the gloomy elder begins to feel sorry he had been so little aggressive himself. But he puts it down to his nobility. "If I seemed cold it was that I respected you." The girl agrees with him. The brave "never loved me in the right way." But when it becomes clear that each man is definitely institutional, that each man is a good Bongo or Danka, and that each is so anxious to win her that he is willing to lie, cheat and steal for her, the young maiden is ecstatic with joy, and, glorying in her power to drive two savages to such extremities of hatred, she gives a warm handshake to the gloomy elder and slips into the arms of the brave.

As a study of the fate of woman in a tribe where she is kept entirely ignorant of sex matters, where all her feelings are governed by ceremonial considerations, and where all the men she knows battle over her as they would battle over a contract for corned beef or a parcel of real estate, "The Natural Law" is a document of rare ethnological interest. It is greatly to Mr. Sumner's credit that he never gives a glimmer of other possibilities, or intimates that on this planet there are other tribes with less fantastic views. On the contrary, he makes his maiden's simple outburst against her tribe sound like the clarion of rebellion. He writes like a sincere Bongo himself.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Books and Things

SIGNOR GUIDO REY is one of the most intrepid of living mountaineers, and one of the most engaging of all writers about mountaineering. "Peaks and Precipices," his latest book, has been excellently translated into English, and is published in an attractive form by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company. Like almost all "Alpines" it is rather expensive—three dollars and a half. But if you divide the price by the number of pages you discover that you are paying only a little more than a cent and a half a page. Look at the book in this way, remember that almost every page is either exciting or agreeable, and then ask yourself whether the price is too high. The illustrations, most of them from photographs taken by Signor Rey himself, bring one very near the mountains. See, for example, the pictures of a "descent of the Winkler chimney" on the Cima della Madonna, and of the ridge near the top of the Cimon della Pala. They give one a vivid notion of a Dolomite rock face and a Dolomite ridge, "long, overhanging, convulsed, shattered, crumbling."

"We needs must climb the highest when we see it." Such was the motto of the earliest mountaineers. It was this spirit which took Balmat and Dr. Paccard up Mount Blanc in 1786. A modern mountaineer looks upon a journey up Mont Blanc as a very long walk, dangerous enough if the weather turn bad, but affording only two or three hours of climbing. Signor Rey has found his pleasure in both ancient and modern climbs. His earliest loves were high snow and ice mountains. His most widely known exploit is his ascent of the Matterhorn by the terrible Furggengrat, the ridge which begins near the Théodule Pass. Strictly speaking, Signor Rey did not climb the Furggengrat from bottom to top. He has always refused to call his climb anything more than an exploration. Forced to turn back, in August, 1899, at a point higher than any one else had reached, he climbed the Matterhorn a few days later by the Hörnli route, let down a rope, descended by its aid to the point where he had been forced to give up, and then used the rope to help him to the summit again. Experts consider this one of the finest performances on the Matterhorn. Signor Rey's account of it is one of the most thrilling chapters in the book he has called after his best-beloved mountain.

In this new book, "Peaks and Precipices," Signor Rey confines himself to rock climbs. The only exception is the Aiguille Verte, a difficult mountain for most persons, but to him one of "the gentler domes of the Alps." It is apropos of the Aiguille Verte that he says: "Lawful and reasonable climbs such as these delighted the great pioneers, who were wiser than we, and who taught us how the Alps should be loved; they delighted me also, and were able for many years to quench my thirst for adventure." The rest of the book describes ascents of three of the hardest Chamonix peaks, the Grépon, the Dent du Requin and the Little Dru—and some of the steepest and riskiest among the Dolomites. It is surprising to find Signor Rey saying that the Grépon "has the fascination of being as difficult as the Matterhorn before that peak was spoilt with ropes." The more usual opinion does not rate the unroped Matterhorn nearly so high. One of the English pioneers in the Dolomites, the Rev. J. Sanger Davies, after talking to several of the earlier climbers, came to the conclusion that the unroped Matterhorn was about as difficult as the Grosse Zinne, which nowadays nobody would put in the Grépon's class.

However, no climber's opinion is conclusive as to the difficulties by which any mountain fascinated its early conquerors. Most of the men who climbed the Zermatt peaks in the 'sixties are dead. The others are grown old, and can only compare one recollection with another. Where Signor Rey excels is in separating his impression of one climb from his impression of another. No one discriminates rock climbs more sharply. Of the Grépon he says: "The mountain is simple in form as a blade, but its ways are crooked as a labyrinth." And he adds, after mentioning the extreme slenderness of the Grépon rocks: "One felt as if one were perched on the carcass of a monster that could be clasped in the arms, but which had no shape, and which shrank everywhere from touch and sight. A narrow rib and the abyss all round it—such is my constant recollection of the Grépon." Contrast this with his description of the Cimon della Pala's northeast face: "It consists of a long wave of stone, towering motionless to the sky, and apparently on the point of breaking and engulfing the valley; . . . in the hollow of the wave are formed thousands and thousands of wavelets which chase and embrace one another, which break and rise again as part of the great general upheaval. Man is submerged and carried along, and appears and disappears amongst the eddies, as if he were alternately floating and drowning. An occasional head, the line of a back, an uplifted arm, was all that I could see of my companions; the whole party was swimming, as it were, in a vertical sea."

In several respects "Peaks and Precipices" breaks with the tradition to which most Alpine books conform. Signor Rey is not facetious. A good many mountaineers feel obliged to smile whenever they record the taking of a drink. "Recourse was had to a certain flask," they say, and the formula causes in them a chuckle which the average reader does not quite understand. Signor Rey takes his liquor simply. Perhaps his conscious joy in climbing is expressed a little too often and at too great a length. In Mummery's narrative the climber's joy, which one feels all the time, finds expression only now and then. It is fully expressed at last, in concentrated form, in the final chapter of "My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus," the proudest and most exhilarating apologia for mountaineering that I have read.

No contemporary Alpine book can hope to compete on even terms with Whymper's "Scrambles Amongst the Alps," Leslie Stephen's "Playground of Europe," or Tyndall's "Hours of Exercise," wherein first ascents of famous mountains are described. It is easier to interest a reader in a first ascent of the Matterhorn, familiar to him in pictures from childhood, "swung like a sabre through the sky," than in an ascent of the Langkofel by a new route. Yet in two ways the later books have an interest of their own. Contemporary mountaineers are probably not more gifted than Whymper or Kennedy or Charles Hudson, but they perform more difficult feats. The Adang chimney on the Tschierspitze is harder, I gather from mountaineering books, than any part of the Dent Blanche. Mountaineering as an art has made progress. The new climbers are not braver than the old, but they go up more nearly vertical cracks and faces. And with some of the more modern men, with Signor Rey, for example, there is a greater interest in their own sensations, a modern employment of these sensations as a medium in which to describe arêtes and chimneys, precipices that reach up and beckon to the climber. P. L.

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Goldwin Smith

Goldwin Smith, His Life and Opinions. To which is appended "U. S. Notes." By his Literary Executor, Arnold Haultain. New York: Duffield & Company. $4.50.

THAT Goldwin Smith, who, as he once wrote me, remembered hearing the bells toll to announce the death of George IV, should have died less than five years ago, may come as a surprise to those who recall that in the early fifties of the last century he was already a distinguished figure in England. Thenceforward for ten years or more there was every likelihood that he would reach the top in politics, or in history, or in both. But in 1868, at the age of forty-five, he left England, migrated to the United States, and after serving as professor at Cornell University, settled at Toronto in 1871. There he died in 1910. So his life was divided into two nearly equal parts —the English and the American—and this division, coupled with his longevity, conditioned what he was and what he did.

At first it seems as if the Englishman was transformed in becoming an American; but if we look deeper we find that Goldwin Smith remained very much the same: the specific English side of him, like the American side, was a phase, an accident; Goldwin Smith was the essence, and that essence would have been unchanged had he migrated to Rome or Moscow or Calcutta, instead of to Canada.

What was the essence? Whatever went to make up a man whose controlling and insatiable interest led him to observe with his own eyes this business of living in which we are all employed for a longer or shorter term. He took nothing for granted, nothing on hearsay. He had many acquaintances, but few intimates. In him the intellectual predominated. The ordinary spectator of life either turns cynic or becomes indifferent; or, if his emotions prevail, he may end as a sentimentalist. In Goldwin Smith, however, reason was so impassioned that it took the place, or was the vehicle, of emotion. He was in love with ideas, and having a highly developed moral sense he made it his mission to spread broadcast those ideas which he had analyzed, tried, and accepted.

Next to his passion for seeing the cosmos as it is, was Goldwin Smith's desire to mix actively in the great affairs of the world; but partly circumstances and partly the more elusive shaping by temperament doomed him to remain a spectator all his life. While he inspired other men to action, he lacked the quality which would have persuaded them to elect him to a position where he could not only inspire but apply. Had he gone into Parliament at thirty-five or forty he might have won the highest political distinction; that he did not go suggests that the fault lay not only in the obtuseness of constituencies but in himself. This we may say without undervaluing his service on several important commissions.

Although he was much younger than Disraeli, Gladstone, Bright, and the other party chiefs of their generation, Goldwin Smith entered the lists with them outside of Westminster, and so long as he stayed in England his opinions on the questions of the day, or on general economic, social, and political principles, were quoted along with theirs. On coming to America he passed suddenly from an all-world to a parochial standard. He still followed with intense interest the currents of British and European life; but he devoted his energy to educating the Canadians in what he regarded as the true course in their development, and he studied the United States with all the more zest because he believed that Canada must inevitably, and before long, become of her own choice a member of the American republic.

To propagate his teaching he established a weekly journal, into which during many years he poured not only his political views but himself. Neither before nor since has American journalism seen intellectual ability comparable to his engaged in its service. I cannot help feeling that his extraordinary talents were largely wasted on the *Week* and the *Bystander*—papers which were little read in British lands outside of Canada, and scarcely penetrated beyond the exchange editors' dens in New York and Boston. And yet who can say? A single grain of wheat may be the ancestor of an acre of ripened sheaves. Goldwin Smith's powerful insistence on the common interests and mission of the Anglo-Saxon race—the race which, above all others, has spread the ideal of liberty throughout the world—cannot fail to have influenced some of those who to-day are combating the twin ideals of the Teutonic race—vandal cruelty under the guise of war, and feudal despotism.

The danger of journalism for Goldwin Smith was that it tended to dissipate his fire. Whatever his target, he threw a large shell. He ran the risk of being so much occupied with the burning issues of the week that he might never concentrate his power on a single commanding work. No one can deny that he was a great publicist, in the same sense that Milton and Swift, Defoe and Tom Paine were great publicists; but, after all, except among a few scholars who now read their pamphlets, Milton, Swift and Defoe live on by reason of their other works. So, happily, before his vigor was abated by age, Goldwin Smith produced one indisputably commanding work, "The United Kingdom." The sub-title, "A Political History," misleads; for other elements besides the political are woven into his narrative.

Goldwin Smith belongs among the highest class of historians—that of the interpreters. There are many toilers in the field of history, who perform work of many different kinds and of various values. In architecture nobody confounds the laborers who dig the cellar or carry up the bricks and mortar with the architect who planned the building. But among historical workers for some fifty years past there has been such a misunderstanding of what is high and what low that the shovelers and hodmen have pushed themselves to the top and declared that they alone are historians. "Original research" has been worshiped as an idol, whereas it is only a servant. Original research is to history what excavation is to antique sculpture; yet no one would assume that the excavator who unearthed the Venus de Milo ought to rank above the sculptor who designed that statue. That fallacy, however, has long prevailed in Germany and among the German-made historical workers in America. So history has been written with the shovel instead of with the pen, and by the process of dumping instead of by selection. In England and France the saner ideal of history was never quite lost, and even during this period of glorifying the digger above the artist, England produced two great historians, John Morley and Goldwin Smith.

"The United Kingdom" has continuity, perspective, insight, logic. It is the interpretation by a thoroughly equipped interpreter of the development of the English nation. It evolves from within—which is a very different thing from the mere roster of external events in their chronological order. It gives what every history worthy of the name must give, both the fact and the motive behind the fact. It is alive.

Although Goldwin Smith necessarily takes long views, in generalizing he seldom becomes abstract. He cites freely the concrete cases from which he draws his inferences or conclusions. Not less remarkable than his power to de-

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scribe an episode or to analyze a policy in a page or two is his skill in portraiture. He fills his two volumes with scores of portraits of historical personages—portraits which are as unmistakable as a gallery of Van Dycks. You may prefer Stubbs or Froude or Gardiner as a painter of Henry VIII or of Elizabeth, of James I or of Cromwell, but you cannot ignore Goldwin Smith; indeed, once seen, you can hardly forget his canvases.

I say nothing about his style as a writer, except that at its best it was better than that of any other historian writing in English during the last half century. He indulges in no purple patches, but he has jewel adjectives which, each in the place where he sets it, colors and qualifies the context.

Goldwin Smith's "United Kingdom" has not yet received due recognition here; partly because it was published at a time when the reign of the shovelers and hodmen was supreme, and partly because it abounds in ideas. Historical students felt almost defrauded, if not affronted, when they went to a book expecting to find information only and were deluged with ideas. Ideas require an exercise of the mind, whereas information, facts, can be accumulated without thinking, as a woman knits. But within twenty years a change is observable. The exact relation of excavators to historians is being more generally perceived. "Not that we respect the shovelers and hodmen less, but the architect, the artist, more," is the coming attitude. And, of course, when we cease to magnify the letter above the spirit, we shall welcome ideas. The future, therefore, for Goldwin Smith's historical masterpiece seems bright. Those who appreciate the "History" will be grateful that he has left it—a splendid star—instead of only the recollection of a shower of meteors, behind him.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

On Behalf of a Book of Poems

Sonnets of a Portrait Painter, by Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.00 net.

WHEN a poet writes a sonnet-sequence he is likely to be suspected, by readers of "modernist" tendencies, of being too old-fashioned for their tastes. That, I fancy, is what has happened in the case of Arthur Davison Ficke's "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter." Revealing on casual examination no challenge to poetic conventions, no daring disregard of the formalities of rhyme and meter, being in fact as they are alleged to be on the cover, sonnets, they have been turned over to people who like the exquisite glacéd sweetness of poetic pastries.

Such readers exist; but what are they to make of such a thing as this, coming to them in the guise of their favorite delicacy:

> It needs no maxims drawn from Socrates
> To tell me this is madness in my blood.
> Nor does what wisdom I have learned from these
> Serve to abate my most unreasoned mood.
> What would I of you? What gift could you bring,
> That to await you in the common street
> Sets all my secret ecstasy a-wing
> Into wild regions of sublime retreat?
> And if you come, you will speak common words,
> Smiling as quite ten thousand others smile—
> And I, poor fool, shall thrill with ghostly chords,
> And with a dream my sober sense beguile.
> And yet, being mad, I am not mad alone:
> Alight you come! . . . That folly dwarfs my own.

They will find here, in the first few lines at least, a heaviness of utterance, as though the poet were struggling with the expression of a thought; and as the thought gains wings and lifts free from its impediments, it is revealed as ironic, a piece of self-analysis touched with sober mockery. It is not wonderful and lulling. It is true—and disturbing. It has the uncomfortable intimacy and sincerity of a page from a modern novel.

And if they will read on—which such readers are not likely to do—they will find that this is not a collection of sonnets at all, but a sonnet-sequence; instead of a rose-garden, a house, with perhaps a lovely view from the bay-window, but with a cellar where the beer is kept; rooms in which people quarrel and make love or sit alone at night and think, and a garret in which a desperate man might hang himself. They will not find a patchwork of lovely dreams. They will find, to their chagrin, a serious attempt to express the quality of life, a faithful transcript, by turns harsh and eloquent, of a romantic soul in rebellion against its romanticism; the record of a mind prone to build and relentless to shatter its illusions; the moods, exalted, bitter or reflective, of a man caught in the trammels of a passion which he cannot quite accept nor quite reject; the twistings and turnings of a proud, mistrustful, troubled mind, in the labyrinths of emotion; in short, the story, true, representative and poignant, of an intelligent man in love.

Beauty, indeed, they will not fail to find, in some passages of melting sweetness and others of grave lyric splendor; but neither these, nor the occasional illusions to classical geography which have frightened the hasty modernist reader away, will win over these old-fashioned lovers of beauty. They will be the more grieved that a poet who can put Beatrice into a beautiful line, who has an obvious command of all the properties of romanticism, should use them in such an alien way and with such an unhallowed effect.

What, if they persist so far toward the end of this perturbing story, are they to say of this sonnet, in which the voice is the voice of romance but the meaning is the meaning of reality:

> I needs must know that in the days to come
> No child that from our Summer sprang shall be
> To give our voices when the lips are dumb
> That lingering breath of immortality.
> Nay, all our longing compassed not such hope,
> Nor did we, in our flame-shot passagings,
> Push the horizon of our visions' scope
> To regions of these far entangled things.
> I knew not such desire. But now I know.
> O perfect body! O wild soul a-flower!
> We, wholly kindled by life's whitest glow,
> Turned barren from our life-commanding hour . . .
> Now while I dream, sweetness of that desire
> Lies on my heart like veils of parching fire . . .

No, such readers will not find this draught seasoned to their taste; it has too much of the flavor of mortal life in it. So it comes back into the hands of the modernists. Will they drink it? Not without a protest, for the beaker has quaint romantic decorations—"Paestum" . . . "the halls of Amber" . . . "the Cornish sea" . . . Let me, however, commend it to them, by pointing out that there is more than one kind of modernism, modernism of form and modernism of content.

Attention is being generously given to the effort to break up the old forms of verse and create new forms, the experiments of Mr. Ezra Pound and the Blast school being

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notable examples. Not so much recognition has been given to the modernism involved in the endeavor to achieve in verse some of the effects which have been recently left to the prose novel. The narrative poems of Mr. John Masefield, praised though they have been, have hardly received their just dues in this respect. It is a matter of taste, but the modernism of Mr. Masefield—not his swear-words, but his extension of the bounds of poetry to the old epic proportions and something more—this seems to me more daring, more difficult, more exciting than the parlor fireworks of the Imagists. The subtle interactions of personality with personality, the flux of mood into mood under the stress of deep emotion, the sustained revelation of character—these are things which seem to me to offer a greater opportunity to the poet than any conquest of new form.

Mr. Ficke has retained a traditional form; he has even largely retained a traditional vocabulary. His modernism lies in his use of this form and this vocabulary, in his extraordinary self-expressiveness, his profound sincerity, his desperate endeavor to tell the truth about the emotional relationship which is his theme, and above all in the sense which he gives to life, abounding and mysterious, pressing in on the soul, and in the adventurous curiosity and bold humility with which he confronts that life. It is by virtue of these things, which are the essential qualities of modern art, that this book takes its place among the significant creations of its time. FLOYD DELL.

The Necessary Myth

Reflections on Violence, by Georges Sorel. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.25 net.

SOME day, says the believer in the general strike, the producers of the world will stop producing. The workers will lay down their tools, the bookkeepers will close their books, the butchers, the bakers and the candlestick makers will leave their unfinished product in yard or oven or vat or wherever it happens to be, and all will march out into the glorious sunlight and say to the capitalists and politicians and middle class shareholders generally, "We've had enough of this civilization of yours, and we're going to smash it. From the time when the first anthropoid ape clubbed the first chimpanzee over the head and made him gather shellfish, we've been working for your leisure. We've built houses for you and lived in tenements ourselves. We've cooked pretty dishes for you, and when you get indigestion we've supported the doctors that make you well. And when we've been sick ourselves we've bought your patent medicines and died on them because we couldn't afford a doctor. We've organized into parties and voted as you told us, so that you could have power and influence among each other on the strength of our votes. And we're never going to do it again. Our wrongs do not need to be stated; they are as wide as the world and as deep as human sorrow. This civilization of yours is an old civilization and a rotten one, but it ends here to-day."

Then the capitalists will expostulate, and maybe a few of them will shoot. Undoubtedly there must be a certain amount of violence, but when the producers go back to their work there will be no more idle shareholders and no more employers. For each man will own his work, and each will work with the joy and inventiveness of a free craftsman.

It is a large proposal, the general strike, no less in fact than the remaking of the world at one blow. You find yourself wondering how it is possible for any man really to believe that the inequalities and injustices of several thousand years can be abolished by a single coup. How could it be practical, even if everybody agreed to the attempt and was eager to help? And everybody won't agree. It is splendidly fine and daring, as daring as the child who reaches out his hand to pull the moon from the sky, but isn't it quite as pathetically futile?

To reason thus about the conception of a general strike and to dismiss it as a particularly impractical dream is an almost inevitable reaction to such an apparently flimsy idea. But such a reaction misses the significance of the idea entirely. The general strike is not a prophecy of some future occurrence; it is not even a program for action in the future. It is a myth, a fairy tale if you will, the only function of which is to help us to understand the present and to act in the present. M. Sorel is an enthusiastic believer in the general strike, but he has no illusions about its actuality. "Neither do I attach any importance," he says, "to the objections made to the general strike based on considerations of a practical order. The attempt to construct hypotheses about the nature of the struggles of the future and the means of suppressing capitalism, on the model furnished by history, is a return to the old methods of the Utopists. There is no process by which the future can be predicted scientifically."

It is only as a source of immediate and consistent action that the general strike is important. It is an emotional stimulus, a figurative summary of the grievances and desires and ideals of a certain class of men. And it is not by any means a new phenomenon. Primitive Christianity was actuated by a myth so preposterous that beside it the general strike seems a platitude. The French Revolution was based on an impossible myth of liberty, equality, fraternity. Indeed the general strike is not the only myth in effect to-day. President Wilson's dream of "The New Freedom" is one which presents itself rather obviously, but there are many others less easily summed up in a phrase. The results expected from woman suffrage by some of its supporters are curiously myth-like in quality. Indeed it would seem almost impossible for any group to organize and act efficiently except upon the basis of some myth.

It is a pathetic weakness of human effort that in order to act at all its dreams must so often outstrip the possibilities of its action. Let him pride himself on his realism as he may, the mind of the staunchest realist tires and flags before the mere extensiveness of reality. Our desires are too passionate and our patience too immature for us ever to know, or be willing to admit if we could know, the whole truth about ourselves. Because our will is weak and the inertia of the world almost irresistible, because our mind is finite and detail infinite, we must summarize and make pictures for ourselves and trust our imagination when we know it is deceiving us. Even our emotions are so frequently muddled and contradictory that half the time we waste our strength in inconsistent effort. Only our dreams can be made simple and imperatively clear. It is only when certain moods and grievances lend themselves to a fantasy in which they can be grouped and expressed that men ever muster the strength to attempt radical action. But no matter how profound the revolution, its results are invariably less beautiful, less magically entrancing than the myth which prefigured them. When we consider our history we may be grateful to our fathers with a dumb sincerity beyond words for certain things they have accomplished, but if our

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fathers could see this world to-day and understand exactly how much they did accomplish, they might truly be disillusioned men.

To believe in a myth not as the truth but as symbolical representation of it, to give one's heart and allegiance to its realization without believing for a moment that it will or ever should be a literal realization, is the whole difference between intelligent sophistication and mere credulity. M. Sorel emphasizes and reiterates this point. "A knowledge of what the myths contain in the way of details which will actually form a part of the history of the future," he says, "is then of small importance; they are not astrological almanacs; it is even possible that nothing of what they contain will ever come to pass. . . . In our own daily life are we not familiar with the fact that what actually happens is very different from our preconceived notion of it? And that does not prevent us from continuing to make resolutions." And again: "To proceed scientifically means first of all to know what forces exist in the world, and then to take measures whereby we may utilize them by reasoning from experience. That is why I say that, by accepting the idea of the general strike, although we know that it is a myth, we are proceeding exactly as the modern physicist does who has complete confidence in his science although he knows that the future will look upon it as antiquated."

It is only by understanding the forces which are grouped and focused in a myth, and by discrediting or approving them, that we can judge the validity of the myth itself. The general strike, for example, is largely the result of a very active disgust with parliaments and political methods generally. The history of political representation, M. Sorel would say, is a history of the betrayal of those represented. It is time we discarded such a fragile dangerous tool and accustomed ourselves to direct explicit action. There is no road to socialism save through the class war, and there is no way of releasing and intensifying our energies for the class war so effectively as by the picture of the general strike.

We may not agree with M. Sorel as to the value of socialism or his method of accomplishing it. We may believe the world far too complicated a place to be described with adequacy by his vision. We may even have some hope left still for the usefulness of politics. But when we discuss the general strike we must remember that so long as there are people in the world to whom the world offers no chance of happiness, no chance, even, of decency, just so long will there be people for whom any vision of complete destruction and reconstruction, however vague, will be a true and legitimate myth.

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